

THE FAIR PLAY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1888.

JOSEPH FLYNN, — Editor

ONE MAIL-IN ADVANCE—POSTAGE PREPAID
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One year, outside \$1.25

Who is going to "receive" next New Year.

The Marquand *Echo* is not produced by reflection.

All revolts against Christianity originate in human pride.

It pays a farmer to attend a Farmers' Institute as often as possible.

Intelligent farmers tell us that Colman's *Rural World* is the best agricultural paper they ever read.

Four o'clock on Sunday morning is an unseemly hour for howling drunken men to parade the streets of Ste. Genevieve.

The man who doctors himself has a fool for his patient, is an expression that was not coined by us, but it is true all the same.

Men who do not adore God worship themselves, and are on a par with the ancients who paid divine honors to the cat and the monkey.

The New York *Independent*, a very able and rather liberal Protestant (Congregational) journal, was forty years old on December 7th.

Next year, which is the hundredth anniversary of the tragical French Revolution, already looks ominous of disaster to the French Republic.

Infidels who have strayed from "orthodoxy of religion are now browsing on the shrubbery of 'Robert Elsmere,' a new anti-Christian novel."

Every thoughtful person will agree with William Muldoon, the famous wrestler, that "cigarette smoking is the worst habit a boy can contract."

It was a shrewd move or promotion among the ancient Romans that if a man could do one thing well he could do something more difficult creditably.

They're going down to Washington town; the treasury vaults to pay, and make a dash on the treasury hash; Good-bye, sweet Surplus, g-o-o-d-b-e!

If you want to please a distant relative or friend for the coming year, present him with the FAIR PLAY, only \$1.25 for any subscriber outside the county.

Our incoming Missouri Legislature should repeal the present worthless road law, and enact a new one making a money tax for the working of roads universal throughout the state.

Our editorial and local pages will be found to contain less than the usual amount of reading matter this week, on account of the regular annual pressure of newspaper advertisements.

In the year '89 come the Radicals back, with big leather pocket-books empty and slack; And if they don't clean out the treasury vault, You can bet your sweet life that it won't be their fault.

For neatness of design, or strength and gracefulness of structure, the set of pigeon-holes constructed by Albert A. Boyer for the FAIR PLAY editor, last week, is an excellent piece of workmanship.

The year 1889 will be known in American history as the commencement of a plutocracy, when the government of the people was supplanted by the government of the money power, for the money power and by the money power.

"Oh! that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains," said poor Michael Cassio, speaking of strong drink, but then, Michael was probably not aware that brains are an incumbrance to a lover of strong drink.

In one of his rhapsodies about the care of school moneys, the editor of the *Crystal Mirror* states that the children's money is PROBLEMS, but we venture to say that it can be bought for one hundred cents on the dollar.

The editor of the *Crystal Mirror* says Democrats will be judged by their deeds, and not by their words. It will be well for the editor of the *Mirror* if he is judged by the same rule, for a judgment on his words would consign him to a lunatic asylum.

The dangers of Mississippi river navigation were never more fearfully illustrated than within the past week, in the bursting of the steamers, Kate Adams and John H. Hanna, within a few days of each other, attended with dreadful destruction of human life.

Biography of a Pigg.

Be it known that we have offended Mr. Pigg, not your neighbor's pig or your own, dear reader, but a real human Pigg. This Pigg spells his name with two "g's." Why, you ask? Because, having been born without a Chinaman's pig-tail on his upper poll or a natural pig-tail on his lower pole, he ingeniously attempted to remedy the defect by placing an additional tail on his name. But, to come to the point, we are informed by a friend and brother of Mr. Pigg that Mr. Pigg does not admire us, that in fact we present a tattered and foolish appearance to Mr. Pigg's eye. Mr. Pigg presides over the editorial staff barrel of the Farmington *News*, and is a mighty squealer, but we should never have heard his squeal had it not touched a responsive chord in the breast of his Ste. Genevieve brother, and tomed an echo in the *Heald*. This is a plaintive quaver of Mr. Pigg's squeal:—"Mr. Flynn appears to hunger and thirst after office. He hankers after it like a kitten after sweet milk." This is severe censure, but how much more severe could Mr. Pigg have made it if he had said that Mr. Flynn hankers after office as a pig hankers after sour swill. That he did not use this comparison must be attributed to his sensitive regard for the feelings of himself. It cannot be aesthetism that restrained him, for a Pigg's pen ignores aesthetics.

That our readers may understand how flattered we should feel by the attentions of Mr. Pigg, we present them with a free translation into English of his autobiography, as published in Goodspeed's *History of Southeast Missouri*. From it they will learn that Mr. Pigg, of Farmington, is a partly educated Pigg, and therefore superior to Piggs in general. Of course, his education is rather limited, as that of a Pigg "educated by his own exertions" must invariably be. From this biography of Mr. Pigg, written by himself, we gather that Mr. Thomas P. Pigg was the first-born Pigg of his particular generation of Piggs, and that he commenced his education by entering the school of matrimony, while he was still almost a sucking—at the early age of twenty-one years. His new life afforded him so many opportunities of self comparison with a person of some education, that it opened his eyes to his barren ignorance. So, immediately after the honeymoon, Mr. Pigg strapped a knapsack of books on his back and girding up his loins, set out for school, where he remained for two whole terms. At this interesting point Mr. Pigg's autobiography ambles backward to state that he had been a book peddler, but had met with only fair success. Whether his want of success was due to Mr. Pigg himself, to his books or to Bollinger county, the field of his operations, Mr. Pigg's biography fails to state. Mr. Pigg's next attempt to secure an education by his own exertions was to work on a railroad. During this period he became such an adept in laying ties over sleepers, dodging deadly cow-catchers and balancing on a fence to let the locomotive pass by, that he has no difficulty in securing heavy sleepers for subscribers to the *News* or avoiding the wrath of his indignant dupes, and is an *expert* in the jugglery of conducting an independent paper. In the next two years of his variegated existence Mr. Pigg pumped water for a livelihood. Thus it may be perceived that every step of Mr. Pigg's career was providentially directed to ensure his success as an independent editor. The dexterity in working pump handles which he acquired at this time has given him immense advantage over other Farmington editors in the art of crooking the pregnant hinges of subscribers' elbows and sucking dollars from their pockets. About this time Mr. Pigg reached the climax of his educational career by learning printing from a tramp. Being now fully equipped for offensive warfare against the English language, Mr. Pigg commenced to revenge himself on Webster for putting so many obstacles in his pathway, and published the American *Palidium*. The *Palidium* was by no means a *Palidium*, and it was probably so named because its terrific idioms turned its readers pale with fear. After a two year's siege Mr. Pigg's *Palidium* vanquished, routed and dispersed its most daring subscribers, and it retired from pub-

lic life. Satisfied from this experience that he was destined for a career, Mr. Pigg returned to school to further his education by his own exertions, and made himself invincible. He emerged therefrom breathing fresh slaughter upon mankind, and commenced his destruction. Herald-like, by a slaughter of innocents. He taught school? His pupils graduated with extraordinary rapidity, and he was forced to adjourn their meetings *sine die* for lack of a quorum. Mr. Pigg, therefore, determined to seek other worlds to conquer, so he crossed the Hellespont, entered Farmington and established the Farmington *News*. This proved a bonanza for Mr. Pigg for he declares in his biography that he commenced his editorial duties without a penny and is now in "comfortable circumstances." He describes himself as "industrious, economical and *scrupulously honest*." Mr. Pigg may be industrious and economical, but the very fact that he boasts of honesty proves clearly that he is not scrupulously honest. Honest men are invariably modest in speaking of their own honesty and *per contra*, dishonest men are ardent boasters about their honesty. When Shakespeare drew the typical scoundrel, Iago, he depicted him as the prince of dissemblers, and everybody recognizes the truthfulness of the delineation. To this day every Iago boasts of his virtues, and there will always be boasting Iagos as long as humanity furnishes dupes. It is not necessary that they should bear the name of Iago, for the name of Pigg, or any other name, will do as well. It is not even necessary that they should speak as Iago did. The secret instinct of their sordid souls is revealed by one prevailing characteristic of all Iagos—the disposition to make their tools their pusses." We do not intend to imply that Mr. Pigg of the Farmington *News*, is a veritable Iago, for we never saw the man or his newspaper. We have read and heard descriptions of him, however, and all the testimony concur in declaring that, however honest he may be otherwise in politics he belongs to that class of dishonest editors called Independents who disgrace the profession throughout Southeast Missouri by being always ready for the sake of gain to do the dirty work of the political minority.

Interesting Letter from Nebraska.

ELSIE, Perkins Co., Neb., Dec. 17, 1888.
Editor of the Fair Play:—

Please be so kind as to give space in your paper for the following. Perkins county was organized out of a part of Keith county in the spring of 1888. It is twenty-one by forty-two miles in extent, and is drained by three streams. The soil is a rich, loose loam that never bakes, and is a great summer and winter crop. Blue Stem and Buffalo grass are natural productions, and all kinds of grain and other vegetables are raised in abundance. Wheat this year yielded from 25 to 35 bushels per acre, on ground that has only been stirred one year, and soy beans will yield from 35 to 50 bushels per acre. Land can yet be bought at very reasonable prices; as in the case of other articles, the supply regulates the price. There being a great deal more land than is needed for cultivation by the present population, it is cheap, but still it is rising in value daily as the emigration is constantly coming in from every direction. A great deal of this land is yet held by speculators, and can be bought at very reasonable prices, on ten years' time at six per cent interest.

Society, church and school privilege are as good here now as in a great many of our old settled countries of the east and south. Everybody is benevolent and helpful, and we only need a little time to prove that we have a fine climate, as rich soil and many natural productions and advantages as can be found elsewhere. There is now an unequalled opportunity for eastern and southern tenants, and those seeking cheap homes, or safe investments, to come and see our young and prosperous country. The railroads are offering cheap rates to points west, and it will more than pay any one to come out and see the country, if for no other reason than to have his curiosity satisfied. Whoever is discontented with his condition or has laid up a few dollars which he wishes to invest, cannot do better than come out and see for himself the advantages this country offers. He will be surprised at the many unbelieveable evidences of thrift and prosperity showing, as they do, what intelligent industry backed up by natural resources can accomplish in such a short time. The country being young, the climate healthy and the soil rich, which last is evidenced by the crops grown, there can be no danger of losses to any one in coming here to make his future home or to invest his means. An inexhaustible supply of pure fresh water is to be had at a depth of from six to 150 feet, according to elevation. This country took second premiums at the Nebraska State Fair, this fall, on spring wheat, and nine first premiums on cattle. How is that for a country less than one year old?

ELSIE.

The town of Elsie is situated near the eastern boundary of Perkins county on the Cheyenne extension of the B. & M. R. R., thirty six miles east of the Colorado line, and about equally distant between Holdrege and Cheyenne. It was platted in July, 1887, by the Lincoln Land Co., since which time it has had a good steady growth. Sold by C. F. Carssow, Druggist.

If You Are Sick

With Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, Consumption, Nervous Tremors, Fever and Ague, Convulsions, Neuralgia, Epilepsy, Nervous Prostration, Insanity, Leprosy, Cancer, and other diseases, the result of those causes is mental or physical overwork, anxiety, exposure or malady, the effect of which is to weaken the nervous system, resulting in one of these diseases. Remedy the cause with that great nerve tonic, and the disease will disappear.

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Jas. L. Dows, Springfield, Mass., writes:—Paine's Celery compound cannot be exceeded as a nerve tonic. In my case, single bottle dose, I have taken it for months, and it has dispelled and cured the resulting affection of the stomach, heart and liver, and the whole body. I have never been so well in my life since I have been taking Paine's Celery Compound.

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St. Louis New Orleans Anchor Line

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